

SEPTEMBER

THE
MANIFESTO

PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED SOCIETIES.

VOL. XXV

"CAST THY NEED UPON THE WATERS; FOR THOU SHALT FIND IT AFTER MANY DAYS."

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EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

1895.

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The Manifesto.

THE ONLY PERIODICAL PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

No. 9.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

VIRTUE, OUR STRONGHOLD.

By Martha J. Anderson.

“**B**RAVE conquerors, for so you are who war against your own affections, and the huge army of the world's desires.”—*Shakespeare.*

Is there conquest more glorious or hope more exulting than that which springs from consciousness of having triumphed over the weaknesses, infirmities and affections of the merely animal man and woman? Human nature in the ascendancy still pleads for inferior enjoyment, and keeps the soul under the bondage of sense on the plane of selfishness and illusion; the inspiration to climb is thwarted by the impulse that draws back to gross elements; and humanity vainly lift their hands in mute appeal for help, as they struggle to be free from the ancestral slough and slime of animalism.

In the progress of material things we seem to have reached the pinnacle of greatness; in intellectual development, art, science and literature, there has been wonderful achievements. These may glorify a nation in the eyes of the world, as they did Greece and Rome, but what of their prestige? They fell a prey to the corruption of vice, which insidiously wormed its way through their high state of civilization, until it fell like a building in decay.

When the moral sense slumbers, and mankind turn their greatest gifts to minister to selfish enjoyment, and their highest ideals are subverted to sensualism, then retrogression takes the place of progression, and the people perish for lack of wisdom and moral stamina. He who lives to serve the body, fails to derive the pleasure he seeks.

Hedonism is extolled in our time as it was in the days of Aristippus for, like the pleasure-loving Greeks, modern society, represented by an affluent aristocracy and plutocracy, welcomes all that panders to gross self-interest, ~~now~~ cares to be schooled in virtue and heroic self-denial. Inordinate desire for that which stirs and stimulates the emotional centers of the being, yields

as a final harvest of seed-sowing to the carnal life, the fruit of sin, which is death to the spiritual nature. "For she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

The whole tendency of our present high style of living is rapid development in passionnal desire. The constraint of conventionalism is not the restraint of absolute virtue; and it often occurs that the greatest moral lepers are the lionized leaders in social circles, because of claims to wealth, learning or high ancestral lineage. Behold how many wrecks of human lives, of blasted hopes, and sudden changes of fortune; and what a mockery of human happiness is presented in the sexual and marital relations of life!

The helots of Sparta were not under greater servitude physically, than is man spiritually when under the bondage of the flesh, whose insinuations disarm reason and transform love to lust; in its perversion many sink themselves below the brute creation.

The results of unrestricted sensualism are visible among all classes of society; "the sins of the fathers (and the errors of the mothers) are visited upon their children even unto the third and fourth generation." Erotic impulses are stamped upon the offspring of those who obey not the law of God written in their being; and how often parents fondly imagine that their children are innocent, when they are indulging in secret ruinous vices, destroying physical health and mental vigor. There is wisdom in well-timed advice and watchful care on the part of those assuming the responsibilities of parentage.

Who are filling to such an alarming extent our prisons, insane, idiotic and cataleptic asylums? mainly those in whose veins flows the virus of inherited or acquired pollution, which takes away the power of will and moral resistance. The pabulum and essence of life's accretive forces may be heaven directed for the strengthening of every virtue, or hell inflamed for the production of every vice. All sin and error have their beginnings in that mysterious tree of life whose branches ramify through all our nature, and whose sap flows through every fibre of our being; and while man is governed by the impulses that minister to his lower nature, he poisons the streams of existence and brings untold misery on future generations.

Many wrongs and discords in families, societies and nations are directly traceable to the influence of the untamed passions of human nature, resulting in brute force—"Whence come wars and fightings among you? come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?" "First pure, then peaceable," is the law of the spiritual life; hence there can be no harmonious action among human beings, associated either for the administration of civil law and justice, for social benefit or for mutual helpfulness, unless morality is the basis of their operations; for self-ism is the root of the deadly upas tree that yields the baneful fruits of disintegration and disorganization.

"Neither the natural, the animal, nor the human can give hope to man; but when with weary and blood-stained feet he climbs up to the Divine, he begins to learn the story of life and the secret of power."

While humanity relegate love to the sensuous passion we shall have no higher estimate of its expression than that which flows through animal desire, physical magnetism, sex attraction and the manifestations of endearment and affection that essentially pertain to the expression of natural impulse; but are often repulsive and disgusting to those who feel and realize that thought exchange and divine soul touch, need no gushing or external demonstration of attachment or appreciation of relationship. We communicate what we possess, and carry with us the aura of our spiritual conditions and states, to bless or to blight those who come in our atmosphere.

Living to express the highest and best that we are capable of attaining unto, brings the greatest degree of unalloyed pleasure. Love that is the result of the harmonious blending of mental and spiritual endowments, is expressed in ethical culture and co-operative labor on the high plane of universal interest and devotion, not alone to the offspring of earthly desire, but to all mankind. "All souls are mine saith the Lord." And the more God-like we become the broader will be the sphere of our affections, and the more extended the exercise of our capabilities in doing good.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

SCENES AND MEMORIES.

By Oliver C. Hampton.

ON the first day of January of the year 1805 John Meacham, Benjamin S. Youngs and Issachar Bates set out on a journey to Kentucky and Ohio. They were members of the Shaker Church at New Lebanon, N. Y. Their object and mission was to visit the subjects of a very remarkable revival of religion then prevalent in Kentucky and several adjacent states. This revival had continued without abatement for about four years, and perhaps the history of the world is unable to produce a more wonderful spiritual awakening. The Brethren came out to ascertain whether these revivalists were ready to embrace the faith and doctrine of the Shakers. As the revival had spent much of its former force and many had already fallen back into the dreary formalities of religion; with little divine power, and none at all in comparison to what they had so lately experienced, they were to a great extent disappointed. A large number of them, among whom were several able divines, had already separated themselves from, and severed their connection with, the Presbyterian church and had banded themselves together in what they called a New-Light movement; a kind of "Go as you please" or as the spirit dictated policy and plan, without any visible leadership. They were still unsatisfied and many of them embraced the faith, doctrines and discipline promulgated by the Shaker missionaries.

A nucleus of these formed themselves into a kind of spiritual fraternity at Union Village, without any systematic arrangement or regular Church organization, but under the direction and spiritual care of those Shaker missionaries.

This condition lasted some years, the members of this embryotic Church living in their own private families as many as were married, and receiving many young and unmarried persons who, though not related, had embraced the faith. Malcolm Worley, Matthew Houston, John Dunlavy, Richard McNemar, David Spinning, Stephen Spinning, Jacob Holloway, Amos Valentine, and James Smith with their wives, and a vast number more of the revivalists and others embraced the doctrine and faith of the Shakers, so that in a few years the Church at Union Village numbered between six and seven hundred members.

Union Village, O.

ELDER JOHN LYON.

First Paper.

A few incidents in the early life of Elder John Lyon, confined particularly to his entrance into, and progress in the work of "Christ's Second Appearing" and to the various communications of divine light, thru supernatural agency, beginning at early childhood.

I WAS born October, 1780, in the town of Shrewsbury, County of Worcester and State of Mass. My parents received faith in the testimony of Christ's Second Appearing, and in March, 1785, they embraced the gospel of self-denial, having a family of four children, two boys and two girls. I was the second child and about four years and five months old.

Nothing very remarkable took place at this time, only that as I had been educated thus far in childish vanity, when this change came I felt it severely. As soon as my parents renounced the principles of the world they began to teach me the simple manners and language of Believers. Altho I was so young, yet when I was required to lay aside my sins and misters, and use the simple yea and nay, it became very difficult to express it.

I must now refer to an experience I had about six months before my parents determined to obey their faith. In the latter part of the summer of 1784, a man by the name of Jonathan Wood called at my father's house, whom I afterward learned was a Believer, or what some people called, a Shaker, tho at that time there was no special difference of dress or of any outward appearance from people generally to attract my attention. Br. Jonathan asked my mother for a drink of water; to obtain this she went to the spring, and while she was gone an unaccountable impression filled my mind. Such love and affection toward the man came upon me as I never felt for any person, my parents not excepted.

My mother soon returned with the water and Jonathan seemed much refreshed. Conversation ensued in which my mother became uncommonly anxious and earnest, and a warm argument followed. I saw that it was with ease that the man would confound her in every objection which she brought forward, altho she had an extensive resource to the Scriptures, for support on her side. He made use of her weapons as well as of other Scriptures to corroborate the truth of his statement and to cast all her objections into the shade. This pleased my childish mind to see her so easily defeated, altho she was my own dear Mother.

From early date to the present time I have remembered, not only the Scripture texts which they used in their arguments, but have retained the feeling which was at that time impressed upon me. It has remained with me even through all my hours of temptation and trial. When anything has been brought forward either in my own mind or from any other source, against the testimony of Believers, I always accepted it as my privilege to defend it. Since I came to years of understanding it has been my impression, that at that time some good work was wrought in me by the Spirit, tho I was too young to know much about religion.

From 1785 to 1795 there was no circumstance worthy of note. I often felt peculiar spiritual impressions, of which I could have but very little understanding, and I also took great satisfaction in listening to the testimonies and meditating on the words, even if I did not fully understand them.

In June, 1795, being then in the fifteenth year of my age, I experienced a remarkable spirit manifestation which, I consider, was on account of the situation I was in, and the state of my mind at that time. It was soon after some families had joined the faith, and before order had been established, and but little protection offered for the young. Some were drawing back to perdition or returning to their former standing in the world.

I was now brought under very severe temptation, and shown the glowing pleasures of the world in their many beautiful shapes, which I as often repudiated, tho not without meditating upon and arguing the points presented. It is one of these scenes of temptation which I am about to relate.

(To be continued.)

RELIANCE.

By Lydia Staples.

As lifts the lily's snowy cup
To drink the dews of heaven,
So turns the chalice of my heart
For love as freely given.

THE MANIFESTO.

Let fall into my soul O Lord
 Refining grace and power,
 That every motiv be to Thee
 A holy fragrant flower.

And every thought be at Thy feet
 Like pearly petals shed,
 And every impulse of my life
 To holiness be wed.

And when the harvest time of life
 Brings its reward, the best
 I'll lay upon thine altar Lord
 Oh be my offering blest.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

DEMOCRACY.

By Catherine Allen.

IN what does it consist? A true democracy rests upon the principles of absolute, inherent sovereignty of the people which gives to each citizen the fullest political and religious freedom compatible with the good order of society and is therefore opposed to any laws or system of government which would favor the growth of an aristocracy or class privileges in any shape.

It was evidently the design of the fathers of the Revolution to establish such a government, and had their successors been inspired by the same burning love of liberty and true self-sacrificing devotion to principle, to-day the people of the United States would be in much fuller enjoyment of their inalienable rights, most important among which is that of each person to the undivided product of his labor.

The fact that society is so constructed as to make this impossible at the present time, confronts us on every hand, and is alarmingly apparent in the rapidity with which enormous monopolies are aggregating the wealth of the country, creating an ever widening gulf between the wealth producers, who must constantly struggle with poverty, and the consumers, who riot in unearned luxuries, thus bringing about those class distinctions which are consequent principally to the subjugation of labor to capital, and which are really more injurious to the interests of democracy than was chattel slavery in the days of its supremacy; because the system of wage slavery in our country now extends itself to every branch of industry, and gives opportunity for much larger proportionate monopoly on the part of the non-producers.

It is crippling the energies and stultifying the higher faculties of the most valuable portion of society, and is utterly destructive to the enjoyment of those rights and liberties for which the heroes of the Revolution gave their

blood. It is a black cloud which darkens our social and political horizon. An impending crisis awaits us, and unless sum degree of justice is speedily insured to the people, revolution is inevitable.

Under a true democracy neither the millionaire nor the pauper will exist. As its central idea is a government of, for, and by the people, the necessary changes to bring this about are:—

First:—Universal and equal rights of suffrage without regard to sex, race, or creed.

Second:—Control of political power by the people thru direct and secret ballot in all elections and on every subject of importance.

Third:—Entire separation of civil from ecclesiastical power. Church property not to be exempt from taxation. No sectarian schools or other institutions to be supported by public funds. All laws for "Christian morality," as such to be abrogated, and our entire political system to be administered on a purely secular basis.

Fourth:—The land of the United States must become the inheritance of her citizens. Revocations must be made of all existing grants of corporations or individuals in this country or in foreign nations.

Fifth:—A system of taxation which shall rest exclusively upon the natural wealth of the country and its unearned increment, thus leaving untaxed everything which is the product of human toil.

Sixth:—The free exchange of equivalent values between persons, states and nations, by the producing persons and organizations.

Seventh:—The total abolition of usury, and, as present help, a tax upon all large incomes and inheritances.

Eighth:—A legal tender of sufficient amount to leave uncrippled all the business of the country internal and international. This of necessity must be bi-metallic until a larger proportion of our public educators are convinced that paper may be made equally reliable as a medium of exchange.

Ninth:—Education for minors compulsory, and opportunities for the higher branches of learning made equal to all. Industrial education included in all schools from the Kindergarten to the University.

Tenth:—The possession and management by the government of all large systems of transportation and communication. Local advantages as street cars, water-works and lights should be controlled by municipalities; never by private corporations.

Eleventh:—Inventors should be liberally rewarded by the government, and the benefit of new inventions left free for all, as the present system often gives opportunity for large and unjust monopolies, and frequently leaves the real inventors unrequited.

Twelfth:—The administration of justice and legal advice without charge, equally free to all.

To bring about these changes, society must be thoroughly reconstructed.

How? Let the people learn that the Great Ruler of all, is Father and Mother, and then frame all earthly institutions in conformity to this grand central truth. Then, monopoly and injustice of every guise will be as undesirable as impossible, in a people whose diviner sentiments, awakened by the breezes astir from a higher world; and liberated from the dwarfing, degrading systems of competition will express themselves in the practical recognition of Universal Brotherhood.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

PEACE.

By Cora C. Vinneo.

Long time ago when life was fresh and new,
 God sent His waters over all its face
 And spoke His vengeance from the storm cloud's place.
 But when the sunlight pierced the darkness thru,
 His dove of peace o'er hills of billows flew
 To find sum emblem of His wondrous grace,
 Sum living thing that helpless man might trace,
 The promise of His love and mercy too.
 So o'er the waves that make our spirits clean,
 Flies sum dear bird to find a verdant spot,
 Sum resting place where bitter strivings cease.
 Oh may it reach a quiet isle serene,
 Where sin, and care, and trial enter not,
 And bring from thence the olive branch of peace.
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Correspondence.

SHIRLEY, MASS. JULY, 1895.

BELoved ELDER HENRY:—I have been thinking that it was time you should have something to say about Shirley. Well, it may be best to say by way of beginning, that the Post Office authorities have taken the "Village" off our address, so that it is now plain Shirley, Mass. Then I would say that when you next come to see us, you will find one of the prettiest new Stations you have seen in a long while; and when the grounds about it are completed, it will be a very attractive spot, toward which, and our lovely home, it would please us much to see many honest, earnest souls drawn by the love of gospel truth and purity.

Next I would say, that I think you might look over a great deal of "The

World's" literature and not find anything better to read than you will find on the clipping enclosed called—"Seed Thoughts," which I would be glad to see in THE MANIFESTO.

The writer had the privilege of calling at Alfred, Me. recently, while on a business trip, and was much pleased with the fresh look of their newly painted buildings, but much more with the smiling, cheerful looking faces met, and with the great abundance of beautiful work the owners of those cheery faces had wrought. Then the thought of how many other faces would smile to come into possession of only a sample of them, for the pieces seemed innumerable. Hope the result may be profitable and cause much more smiling.

Now to come back to Shirley. Our garden crops are looking very fine. The hay crop is better than we feared it might be earlier in the season. We have had rather a wet time to get it in but have succeeded fairly well, and have finished haying with the exception of the meadows. Rye crop, thin. Barley and oats, good. Fruit, of which we usually have considerable, very scarce indeed,—but we are seeking after the fruits of the Spirit, and with hope and trust in the goodness of our Heavenly Father and Mother,—God, we expect to take some comfort as we journey along.

I close with kindly greetings to all the readers of our Monthly and more especially those who are striving to live the truths it teaches.

Yours very truly,

JOHN WHITELEY.

MANHOOD.

By Edwin P. Sevester.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child, I understood as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things."—1 Cor. xiii., 11.

WHAT is manhood? Does it merely consist in being of mature age? There are youths who are really men, acting manly; and there are men who never seem to grow away from their boyhood. If I understand it rightly, to be true men, we must lay aside all that is childish and the follies of youth, growing into manliness, rising into our higher and nobler nature; more earnestly and soberly developing and expanding all our faculties; fulfilling conscientiously our duty, however irksome these duties may be.

Let us combine the innocence, purity and simplicity of youth with the firmness, earnestness, steadfastness of a man, ennobling our character and developing our spiritual nature, knowing we not only live for this—but also for another, a higher, better, world. Let us be lifted up out of the animal nature, and grow into a true and noble manhood, a man in every sense of the word; a man who can not be swayed by every wind that blows, who

stands like a rock, against temptation and adversity. My young friends, cultivate reason, judgment, intelligence and religious sentiments which will ennoble our affections, distinguish us from all other creatures and lead us to become perfect in the fullness of the stature of Christ. If we indulge in passion, restraining not our appetites but gratify our inclinations and evil propensities, we are placing ourselves on a level with the brute creation, that have no reason to govern them. Live for a high and noble purpose; strive to reach a broader, a truer manhood. To build a noble manhood, a pure foundation, purity of soul, purity of character is an indispensable requisite.

Man is endowed with so many faculties, morally and spiritually, that giving his spiritual nature the control over the lower and animal life, enables him to commune with angels, drawing holy influences around him and receiving Divine inspirations.

Shakers, N. Y.

JUDGING.

By Alonzo G. Hollister.

IT is written "Judge not, that ye be not judged," which is equivalent to saying "Condemn not another's sincerity, that your own may not be condemned." This text is often quoted, as though it were intended to absolutely forbid any one judging another. Of course this would forbid all comparisons, and annul all impressions of right and wrong as applied to the conduct of another. It would forbid all estimates of character, nor allow us to distinguish between sound and unsound principles, wholesum and unwholesum associates, good and bad examples. The clause immediately following, limits the expression and shows that such was not the meaning intended. "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you."

In what judgment ye judge, he says, indicating different manners of judgment. On another occasion, Jesus said, Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment. Again, "You judge according to the flesh." Here are two manners recognized, one righteous, the other according to appearance, or according to the flesh. Mother Ann when reproving the latter, said "Creatures see and judge, according to the spirit they are of." A righteous judgment, must necessarily be true, and do good, marking a clear separation between good and evil. "Why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?"

A judgment according to appearance, or according to the flesh, as between two parties, one or both being jealous of the other, without clearly comprehending the motive, situation, or facts, is liable to be false, unkind and unjust, and even malicious, and adds to evils already existing. It is frequent-

ly the offspring of hatred or revenge, and exerts a mischievous and malign influence, as abundantly demonstrated in political feuds.

Krino, to judge, is defined in the lexicons, "To winnow, sift, to separate, distinguish, award, rule, divide, determine, decide, sentence, condemn, accuse, blame."

The gospel of the world harvest, is the gospel of judgment, to separate creatures from their sins. Its subjects sit upon thrones, judging themselves and the world in themselves first. "And judgment was given them," not taken away from them, and they reigned with Christ. "Ye shal sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." "Know ye not the saints shal judge the world?" Know ye not that we shal judge messengers? How can we know truth from falsehood, wolves from sheep, if we may not judge?

But to keep the spirit of the precept, we must judge kindly and righteously, according to the truth, without partiality, and without envy or prejudice. Seeing as God sees, who condemns the sin and saves the creature that wishes to be separated from sin—judging in the spirit and judgment which we wish to have exercised toward us. If we are not willing to be known and judged in a righteous judgment, before a purified human tribunal, it bespeaks a heart unwilling to be separated from its idols. Such must find a change of heart, or be alienated from the righteous who are traveling in a precisely opposite direction, by casting out the evil and becoming purified. Milk is for babes, solid food for the perfect, those having perceptions habitually exercised for a discrimination of both good and evil.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

FAITH.

By Lucy S. Bowers.

FAITH is a white robed angel pure and bright

Who lends to human hearts her holy wings

To rise from earthly unto heavenly things.

Fear perishes, doubts vanish in her light

As morning melts the shadows of the night.

Strong grows the will when faith her full strength brings;

The spirit gives to God its offerings,

And strives each day with fervent love of right.

Interpreter of truth's unwritten word;

Diviner of the mysteries of life,

Who gives the evidence of things unheard,

The substance of true hope through every strife.

Transformer of the mind! sweet joy abides

When to the soul's glad victory she guides.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

MYSTERIOUS PROVIDENCE.

THERE are many people who consider it a mysterious dispensation of Providence that a person is taken out of the world. It makes no difference whether this takes place in infancy, at adult age, or in the decline of life. In whatever form death may be brought about, it is entered on the list as specially directed by some overruling influence.

On the other hand, another class are equally as sanguine in thinking that it is a mysterious Providence that keeps the people in this world, while they are so persistent in running the "broad way" and doing all they can to encourage the neglect of all law that has reference to the preservation of life.

Saints and sinners are equally determined in holding their places on the sick list, altho it is said that sickness and sin move along, generally, hand in hand, even the saints are liable to become more or less contaminated.

Was Moses correct in writing God's word, or was it one of his mistakes that is recorded in Exodus xv., 26. "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight, and wilt give ear to his commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians, for I am the Lord that healeth thee."

Either that special verse in Exodus is sadly in error or the many existing nations, the Jews included, have departed disastrously from the Mosaic Law. If the keeping of the Law would take away all diseases, when Moses made the proclamation, the keeping of the Law will do equally as much to-day.

Reformers are often found running on special lines, and while one class demand a reform in one or more things, they shock the nerves of another class of reformers by their careless neglect of duties which may be of paramount importance. The temperance man denounces the drinking of all alcoholic beverages as a sin against both God and man, and yet he at the same time is indulging freely in the intoxicating and filthy habit of chewing and smoking sum poisonous tobacco.

Such reformers while poisoning the atmosphere with noxious fumes and forcing others to breathe it, should think, at least, twice before they ask in prayer for God's Kingdom to come upon the earth. In this unreasonableness of man with man he incorporates all the bad practices into his life and then justifies them by his religion. Should any of these prove

ruinous or destroy either soul or body, then it is placed, at once, among the ways of a mysterious Providence.

Even the time honored but much neglected Mosaic Law which the Christian says is the word of God, would make a decided improvement in the lives of people generally, if it was faithfully regarded.

No farmer would manage the raising of his stock on anything short of the best knowledge that could be obtained, nor would he attribute sickness or death to a mysterious dispensation of Providence, when he knew the ruin could be traced to the neglect of those in charge of the stock.

It seems quite certain that the nations have all gone astray and run after not only the rum and tobacco, with a zeal that would have been commendable in a better cause, but after nearly everything that would destroy health and even life.

So simple an affair as eating and drinking is placed before us for consideration, and there is, no doubt, but that the class who eat with little or no thought of the articles of food or of its proper mastication may bring on a train of ills that the liver and stomach have not the power to resist.

Dr. Alcott in his excellent work on the "Laws of Health," says;—"One of the worst domestic poisons with which I am acquainted is saleratus. All alkalies are poisonous in greater or less degree. Some may doubt whether saleratus is as poisonous as medical men represent it to be, but they need not. Dr. Ives says,—It is a narcotic, and what is a narcotic but poison?"

But the enemy to health lurks in many a by way, and, the improper care of exercise, and no less of ventilation may have as much to do with the disease of the body, as does the food we eat. A large class, however, may march along with their flags flying, as they think of their many victories over these old enemies, while on a closer inspection they may find themselves the slaves of more modern poisons, as they cum in the insidious form of morphine or chloral.

The British Medical Journal says, that ninety nine in one hundred of these sleeping doses are worse than useless, even for any purpose of relief worthy of that name. But while the good old doctor Alcott has gone on to the "Better Land," and has escaped the more subtle foe that has surreptitiously entered the household, he has informed us that for no less than forty years he wandered "in the wilderness of pills and powders," and that his salvation from this dark abode, must have been from the influx of light, or as sum would term it, a wonderful, mysterious Providence.

At the present time, "Helth finds a new menace in the rapid increase and in the use of powerful drugs, especially, salicylic and boracic acids in the preservation of food. It is used in cider, fruits, vegetables and preserves."

Dr. Alcott after enumerating several articles that ar unsuitabl to enter the stomach, remarks that "soda is not much better than saleratus, and whether neutralized or unneutralized should be avoided."

As the helth of the body is considered to be one of the greatest blessings that has been vouchsafed to man, too much care can not be exercised in selecting that food which is most condusiv to helth and consequently to happiness. All animals and the human included, ar very tenacious of life, and it is surprising what excesses and what reckless deviations may be made and yet life is not destroyd.

As more thought is given to this subject and the laws of helth ar more carefully studied, new revelations wil be brought into the light, and that knowledge obtaind which wil assure each one that his life is in his own hands, and that the works of a mysterious Providence are equally in all the wonderful, creative acts that we see abuv and around us. Let us remember the Creator and so live that God may remove from us all disease, agreeably to the promise.

H. C. Blinn.

☞ THOSE who are sending THE MANIFESTO to

Mrs. Blankenburg,
 " Christophen,
 " Burzynski,
 " J. Collins,
 " Carroll,

all of Milwaukee, Wis., are informed that they are not taken from the Post Office.

☞ AN article sent for publication should bear the name of the writer. An article that is received without a name comes from Mr. Nobody.

THEY choose unwisely, who seek intellectual development, at the expense of those kindly offices of sympathy and love whose neglect impoverishes and shrivels the soul.

C. Allen.

ABIDING HOPE.

"We have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come."

HEB. vi., 5.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y.

1. I have thought of the fair land of prom - ise,
2. I feel their pure in - flu - ence of bless - ing,

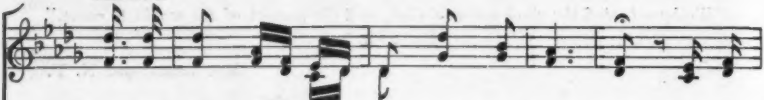
Of the un - cloud - ed light glow - ing there,
Their mu - sic comes oft to my ear,

Of pu - ri - fied souls, their homes pear - ly white,
And Peace fly - ing o'er the deep flow - ing stream,

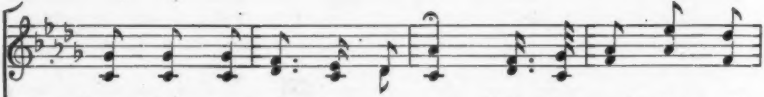
And the beau - ti - ful robes that they wear.
Has left her sweet gifts with me here.

ABIDING HOPE.

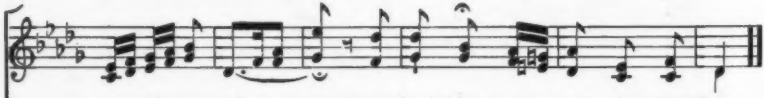
CHORUS.



By the bright shin - ing riv - er I'm wait - ing, Ev - er



trust - ing - ly wait - ing to go; When the good An - gel



car-ries me o - ver, That hoped for, I ful - ly shall know.

3 I walk 'mong the lilies of virtue,
And roses of love pave my way;
I hold in my hand rich treasures of life,
Yet a little while only, I stay.

4 For spiritual truth is my striving,
And substance abiding and real;
For freedom from sin and lurements of earth,
And the true resurrection to feel.

5 'Tis true, what I've sown I shall harvest,
Unmerited joys are not mine;
But dread holds me not, with courage I hope
For life that is wholly divine.

THE MANIFESTO.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

All communications should be addressed to

HENRY C. BLINN,
EAST CANTERBURY,
MER. CO., N. H.

TERMS.

One copy per year, postage paid	.75
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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

July.

	Thermometer.	Rain.
1894.	72.13	1.4 in.
1895.	67.32	4.75 in.
Highest Temp. during this mo.	90 above 0	
Lowest " " " "	44 " "	
Number of rainy days	" " 9	
" " clear " "	" " 8	
" " cloudy " "	" " 14	

C. G. Reed.

Aug. 1895.

WE fear we are late for even our little say for this month; but the days whirl by so rapidly, that our would be correspondent, pressed with orders for work did not realize that "time's up," until the usual day for sending was past.

In early life we were often counseled to "Take Time by the forelock," but in these days of swift travel if we can catch a glimpse of his queue as he vanishes from sight we are fortunate.

The one thing worthy of note—which perhaps others have mentioned—is the severest hailstorm of July 13, known in this locality for sixty years. The ground looked more like April than July, and in some places the hailstones were drifted several inches deep, and did not melt until the next day, the thermometer falling from 68 deg to 48 deg. in twenty minutes.

Still in comparison to other sections of the country the storm was tempered to us. Leaves which presented a large surface such as beans, squash, corn and melons, also the ripening blackberries and raspberries suffered the most, but had the hailstones been large as well as numerous, there would have been no harvest of anything grown or growing.

So in this as in every misfortune there might have been a worse, and we will bless the "powers that be," and count the blessings that are ours, instead of cumbering ourselves with discontent over those which we imagine are denied us.

Aneid J. Culver.

Center Family.

Aug. 1895.

WE have nothing unusual to report at this time; the crops already gathered are very good, especially cherries, which yielded a large crop, but owing to unfavorable weather, rotted on the trees badly consequently we did not realize so much as last year on them, pears are very abundant the trees being loaded.

The weather is warm and dry although we have had many showers during the summer.

The spiritual atmosphere seems quite as dry as the physical; scarcely any inquiry as to our faith or principles. People are more interested in our contemplated move to Florida than in anything we have done or said in years gone by. Our Pittsfield friends do not like the idea of our leaving these splendid homes here on the hill-side for such a warm climate as Florida.

Well we are not gone yet and no one can tell when the trumpet may sound for

ns to do as did the children of Israel, pull up stakes and move on.

Are we ready? If the hand of the Lord be in the movement then it seems wisdom to go wherever His spirit may lead; there alone is safety and protection. Can we sing with the immortal P. P. Bliss,—

I know not what awits me,
God kindly veils my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy He sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise,
Where'er he leads I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose,
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, He knows, He knows.

Timothy Rayson.

South Family.

Aug. 1895.

"THEY that trust in the Lord shall be as Mt. Zion, which can not be removed but abideth forever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever."—Psalms cxxv., 1, 2.

Great and many have been the blessings of the present year. Our fruit and vegetable gardens are yielding beyond our anticipation. The mountains have furnished a liberal growth of blueberries which we delighted to harvest, and sunny days found us securing the luscious fruit which is ever healthful and refreshing.

Fruit trees of the peach, plum, pear and cherry varieties were planted during the past season and old ones shorn of their unprofitable members causing a rejuvenating element to dwell in the midst of our beautiful home.

The month of June was made especially beneficial by the visitation of Sisters from Canterbury and Enfield N. H., and on the 18th of July a renewal of the same by the coming of Sisters Isabella White and Louie Bussell from the Groveland family at Watervliet.

We are much in favor of the new method for manufacturing ice-cream and when convenient shall adopt the Daisy system, which will be superior to the old plan of employing a crank to perform the work.

Genevieve DeGraw.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

East Family.

Aug. 1895.

BELOVED ELDER HENRY;—Will you please give a few Home Notes from the East Family a little corner in THE MANIFESTO? We that are young, are thinking we would like to see how they will look. We sincerely hope our long silence will not give the impression that we have no home, for indeed, we have a beautiful home, or at least it is so to us.

It affords many temporal blessings for which we render grateful thanks to the Giver. Then the opportunity it gives to live a pure and unselfish life is appreciated above all things else.

We wonder if among the New Hampshire hills and mountains there are as many atmospheric changes as there are here, among the Berkshire hills? We frequently get a sniff from the four seasons in one week; but in spite of the cold waves, frosty air and scorching heat, the prospect for good crops of all kinds is very encouraging. Our garden enclosing over twenty different kinds of vegetables, never looked better. The hay crop, quite as good as usual, apples and pears good; peaches and plums few and far enough apart not to waste by coming in contact with each other.

Our mother Hannah A. Agnew, is spending a short season with us, imparting that courage and strength which only the true and faithful mothers can give the children. Such examples should inspire the young to greater efforts to live a high and noble life, doing good to all, wherever and whenever an opportunity is given.

Celia A. Thorpe.

Shakers, N. Y.

North Family.

Aug. 4, 1895.

IN reviewing the August MANIFESTO, and noting the excellency of its contents, knowing that the Brethren and Sisters who contribute to its support give of their

best thoughts, we were reminded of the lines of one of our old hymns,—

I have thought; the greatest treasure
That the universe can sing.
There is no material treasure
Which can such possessions bring.

We may be deprived of the pleasures of the physical senses, but to the being who has advanced in the scale of civilization beyond the boundaries of the barbaric or even the savage stage there is no physical happiness equal to the enjoyment of pure thought.

When we read Br. Alonzo's article we exclaimed,—Let the gospel fire be renewed in our souls, and let the testimony of truth roll through the earth. Only the errors of life feel the keenness of truth's incisive steel.

We notice Prof. Edgar C. Beall has given us, in the *Phrenological Journal* for August, a very interesting account of Swami Vivekananda, a young Hindoo monk who was a delegate to the "World's Parliament of Religions," and who is now traveling in this country, as a religious teacher. One of the most favorable signs of the times is that the demon of religious intolerance and bigotry is retiring into the shades of night, whence it emerged in the past, causing so much suffering to the advocates of advanced thought. The unfolding of the truths of the Divine life is not confined to sects or parties; and the different manifestations of it all move harmoniously together. This young Hindoo monk is teaching celibacy, and maintains that for attaining to the highest unfolding of the spiritual life the perfect and complete renunciation of the emotions and passions of the lower life is imperative. To all such the hand of fellowship is extended of whatever race, color or creed.

The weather for July has averaged cool; some times more resembling October than midsummer, but with plenty of rain for the crops, we have no cause to complain, and on the whole the season, up to date, August 4th has been favorable.

Hamilton DeGraw.

Shaker Station, Ct.

Aug. 1895.

JESUS said, "In the world ye shall find tribulation, but in me ye shall find peace." There is no shield from sin and trouble in a worldly life. Thousands are seeking for happiness and peace in sinful pleasure, but they find it not, that aching void is still in the heart. Sin promises joy, but pays sorrow.

Denying self brings a peace which passeth understanding and joy never ending. The path of virtue is the way in which we should walk. Let us exemplify in daily life that which is true and virtuous. Have a noble aim in view, and strive to live up to it. Work in harmony with others and do all you can to progress in the right direction physically, morally and spiritually. It is by united effort that all progress has been made and lasting good accomplished.

"The largest orange tree in the South is a gigantic specimen which grows in Louisiana. It is fifty feet high and fifteen feet in circumference at the base. Its yield has often been ten thousand oranges per season."

"The largest apple tree in New York state is said to be one standing near the town of Wilson. It was planted in the year 1815, and it is on record that it once yielded thirty-three barrels of apples in a single season."

"Cans made of paper pulp are being introduced to take the place of tin cans for containing all kinds of preserved products. The occasional cases of poisoning from canned goods is due to the contents becoming tainted through the cans not being air tight."

Daniel Orcutt.

Harvard, Mass.

July, 1895.

AGAIN we renew our bonds of union with all in Christian love. Those who are striving to live the Christ life are one in him wherever located.

While the nation celebrated its birth

with noisy demonstrations we enjoyed the day in quietness. Sister Nellie, Brother Kneeland Codman and G. S. Cheney with lady, were with us. After feasting on a good substantial dinner, the room was cleared and at 8 o'clock we were recalled to be entertained by the young people.

Very appropriate selections were spoken and sung, represented with good taste and becoming costume, followed by impromptu speaking.

Mrs. Codman rendered "Anastasia", and Mr. Codman gave us "Spirit Breathings" impromptu. We were then served with ice-cream, cake, watermelon, lemonade, candy and nuts. Our centenarian Br. Ezra Newton was in our midst, and enjoyed all with as much zest as our young people.

How beautiful is age, when sits upon the brow the crown of Wisdom.

Hay harvest is nearly over. The farmers have had a wet season. By judicious management they have been successful in securing nearly one hundred tons of good hay and none injured by rain, which is a great blessing to us.

Marcia M. Bullard.

Enfield, N. H.

Aug. 1895.

As I write our Home Notes amid the delightful scenes and under the genial skies of a New England summer, I feel like lifting my voice in praise to the Giver of nature's gifts, for, "Beautiful for habitation is Mt. Zion."

As usual, at this season, we are entertaining many visitors, drawn hither no doubt out of curiosity to see a people who though conversant with the world, "are not of the world." We are pleased to note that those who visit us are uniformly of the respectable and intelligent class of society.

Our fields of ripening grain, and the vegetable gardens proclaim the near approach of autumn. We are not as fortunate as our Florida friends who can raise two crops in one season. With the exception of early peas, we fail to do this in

New Hampshire. Our three acres of onions (the larger part raised for seed and now in bloom) call out much comment from city visitors, as does the general cleanliness prevailing in our home. The latter condition may be accounted for, when we consider that we make and use annually from fifteen to eighteen barrels of lye soap.

The health of the Society is generally good, which necessary physical force, is a strong aid to make the mind conform to the ennobling principles that create a Christ-like nature; a character not composed of ideas and verbal sounds, but of virtue, sustained by a spirit of self-reliance. Those who obey the dictation of an enlightened conscience, are able by acquired strength, to wade through the waters of tribulation and to help others mount the heights which vibrate with the gospel of truth and are radiant with the purity of the Christ spirit, which overcomes the world.

George H. Baxter.

Union Village, O.

Aug. 1895.

AUGUST comes in cool and pleasant, and the farmer having his harvesting and threshing done is ready for his fallow ploughing; and the gardener, is bringing in his crops, for the table, and the cow boy supplying the milk and butter: and caretaker of the fowls, adds the eggs and broilers, and the mechanics are in their cool and airy shops, and last though by no means least, the pure, neat, true and faithful Sisters, add their part as the comforters and beautifiers of the home.

"Home sweet home, there's no place like home," wrote a richly gifted soul, and surely, "be it ever so humble," there is no place on earth so sacred and so richly cherished as the home. Even when considered as a temporal, earthly abode only, there clusters about it some of the tenderest emotions of the human soul. But when viewed in the light of permanence and perpetuity which the idea of a

home in the hearts of its occupants presents, the sentiment is enlarged a thousand fold.

And such is the object and such the labors of our Shaker homes; the building, in union with the pure and true, homes for both time and eternity. Property may be destroyed, the unfaithful to his trust, the physical senses decay; but a home in the hearts of the pure and loyal can never fail.

Watson Andrews.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Aug. 1895.

ALREADY we have a forewarning of the winter to come. All the singing birds have become quiet, except occasionally one solitary robin. Some of these birds, however, remain with us but are evidently making arrangements for the southern trip.

Our crop of hay has been very satisfactory, and yet we should have been thankful for more. The small fields of grain that we raise has afforded a good yield. Our garden brings to us the best of food for the table, and the supply is sufficiently varied to meet the demands of our large family.

Our corn fields on the farm are larger this year than has been seen for many years in the past and the growth is phenomenal. Indeed, it presents a beautiful sight and will, no doubt, be a great blessing in more ways than one.

Mrs. McWhirter of Texas, from the home of the "Sanctified Sisters," with her son Robert of New York City, made us a visit of several days and all were very much interested in learning from her, more about her home in Texas.

H. C. Blinn.

THE source of final happiness is inherent in the heart; he is a fool who seeks it elsewhere. He is like the shepherd who searched for the sheep which was in his bosom.—Hindu Vemann.

Sanitary.

CARPETS.

WE are glad that we are able to say that our home is once more almost free from the unhygienic carpet. Each year for some time past we have renewed or repaired one or more floors and dispensed with the carpet, and this year we have already discarded six, and hope to dispense with four more in the near future.

Three of the rooms and one hall have double floors, laid to deaden sound. The upper floor is of hard pine, and all of the household are delighted to have the rooms free from these dust and filth collectors. In our double sitting-rooms we will not even have a rug.

The filth and dust are not the worst features of wool carpets. There are particles of wool cut loose from them and floating in the air, and they are breathed into the nostrils. In a bright light or sunshine these particles of dust can be seen with the naked eye. Think of the breathing apparatus being clogged with such material, much worse and more irritating than earth dust and harder for the vital forces to remove.

We hope our readers who are interested in and desirous of bringing better sanitary conditions about their homes will begin at once to free them from wool carpets. Perhaps the parlor or reception-room may be an exception, as it is not much used, but even the housekeeper or domestic must have hard labor and be filled with dust in caring for even that room.

A nicely furnished, uncarpeted floor is more expensive at first than a carpet, but it lasts much longer than a carpet. If one does not feel able to lay a new floor, many old floors can be nicely painted with several coats, cracks and defects filled with putty, and a few bright rugs, if the mind will not be satisfied without, will make a clean, sweet, and a passably presentable floor.—*Journal of Hygiene-Therapy.*

LIFE'S MISSION.

By Jennie Muthers.

TO-NIGHT, as I stand at the window,
I am glad that the day has past,
And the quiet hours of evening
Have settled down at last.

I watch the moonlight falling
In bars of silver and gold,
But I know its glowing radiance, falls
On many a heart that is cold.

On many a heart that is weary
Of worldly contention and strife;
On many a heart that is longing
For a purer, a better life.

And my heart grows sad while thinking
Of the many that go astray,
Who must answer for all evil doing
To God, at the great Judgment day.

The shadows, they lengthen around me,
The moonlight grows suddenly dim;
In the mists, the angels are bringing
A message of comfort from Him.

I feel that my prayer is answered;
A door of hope I can see.
To help the weak and the erring
Is the mission Christ has given to me.

I find in the hour of sorrow,
In days of darkness and sin,
That the angels are earnestly seeking
The souls of the erring to win.

Then I'll fear not the raging tempest,
I'll fear not the angry sea,
Be faithful in filling the mission
The Christ has given to me.

My faith in Christ shall be steadfast,
My love to God shall be true.
With hands that are ever ready,
His will, not my own, I'll do.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

[Contributed by Maria Wood.]

WE ARE BUILDING.

WE are building our home on Eternity's shore
While we dwell in our structure of clay;
We are shipping materials onward before,
With the close of each hastening day.
We are sending the thought that our spirit
has wrought,

In the wonderful glow of the brain;
And the timber is grown from the seed we
have sown

'Mid the shadows of our sorrow and pain.
We are building our homes on the beautiful
street

While we dwell in the by-way of fears;
And the roses that bloom there, so pure and
so sweet

Must be watered and nourished by tears;
And the light that shall shine in a glory divine
Must be found in the darkness and gloom,
And the foundation laid, in the cloud and the
shade
Of the road that leads down to the tomb.

We are building our home in the valley of Life
By the side of Eternity's sea;

And the work that we do 'mid the scenes of
earth's strife

Shall decide what that home is to be.

Every thought leaves its trace on that won-
derful place,

Every deed, be it evil or fair;

And the structure will show, all the life lived
below,

All the sinning and sorrow and care.

—Selected.

ACROSTIC—WISDOM.

By Alice E. Halford.

WISDOM is the principal thing, therefore
get wisdom and with all thy getting
get understanding.—Prov. i., 7.

I wisdom dwell with prudence and find out
knowledge of witty understanding.—
Prov. viii., 12.

Say unto wisdom thou art my sister, and
call understanding thy kinswoman.—
Prov. vii., 4.

Doth not wisdom cry and understanding
put forth her voice.—Prov. vii., 1.

O ye simple, understand wisdom, and ye
fools be ye of an understanding heart.
—Prov. viii., 5.

My son attend unto my wisdom and bow
thine ear to my understanding.—Prov.
v., 1.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

RESOLVE, however nobly formed, at
best, is but a still-born babe of thought,
until it proves existence of its life and will
by sound or action.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HE WAS AN EDITOR.

A HAGGARD, pale and wretched man
 Once I met,
 Which from that day to this I can
 Ne'er forget;—
 Clothed in garb of sundry dyes,
 Cut in every shape and size—
 Low and plaintive were his cries—
 Shunning everybody.

"Friend," said I, "pray tell to me
 All thy woes!
 Surely I would comfort thee
 At life's close."

"Ah," said he, "the die is cast—
 All my cheerful hopes are past;
 Now I must giv up at last
 Pleasing everybody.

"When I first began my labors,"
 Said the man,

"Then to try and please my neighbors
 I began;
 But I've led a scrry race—
 Owning now no resting-place,
 Save the short six feet of space
 Due to everybody.

"If you try to please mankind
 As you go,
 Plenty of labor you will find
 Here below.
 First a hit and then a miss,
 Sometimes No and sometimes Yes—
 Pleasing everybody.

"Should the world declare you wrong,
 Never heed;
 If your cause is true and strong,
 Sow your seed.
 On life's stage act wel your part,
 Serve your God with honest heart;
 But giv over, from the start,
 Pleasing everybody."—*Sel.*

A RAILROADER'S PRAYER.

A RAILROAD man is responsibl for the following prayer:

"O Lord, now that I have flagged thee,
 lift my feet from off the road of life and
 plant them safely on deck of the train of

salvation! Let me uze the safety lamp known as prudence, make all couplings in the train with the strong link of thy luv and let my lamp be the Bible. And, heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off on the sidings, especially those with a blind end! O Lord, if it be thy pleasure, hav every semaphore block along the line to show the white light of hope that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, Lord, giv to us the Ten Commandments as a schedule, and when I hav finishd the run, and hav on schedule time pulled into the great station of death, may thou, the Superintendent of the Universe, say with a smile: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Cum and sign the pay roll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'"
 —*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

LIFE.

Jessie M. Rulhusen.

A FALLEN STAY, a withered flower.
 A carol hushed in leafy bower,
 A sighing wind in forest dim
 After its sweep from rim to rim.
 A broken wave on ocean vast,
 A bubble tossed not long to last,
 A fleecy cloud in heaven's blue,
 We watch its change now passed from view.
 A pearly drop of dew so bright,
 But ah, it melts in morning light.
 A day of joy, an evening train
 Of solemn thought, a night of pain.
 Oh! these portray our life so dear,
 Its friendships, joys and hopes that cheer.
 To-day are ours, to-morrow fled
 As broken buds all withered, dead.
 The past may die, but from its tomb
 A sweeter life comes forth to bloom.
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

"UNSELFISH and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny amidst the melancholy waste of ocean."

Books & Papers.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF PHRENOLOGY. The annual session of this school of Phrenology will begin on Tuesday, Sept. 3, 1895, and will continue for eight weeks. Those who may wish to attend, should write at once for particulars to the Publishers of the "Phrenological Journal," 27 East 21st St. New York.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES of August 3 contains a highly readable article by Dr. Charles S. Robinson on the much discussed and little understood question what constitutes "Singleness in Music." Dr. Robinson is the compiler of some of the best books of sacred song that have ever been published, and in this article he draws not only on his theoretical knowledge as a hymnologist and musician, but on his practical experience as a maker of music-books.

CONTACT WITH A PARENTAL HEART.

Obedience is Worth More Than Geography to a Child.

THIS lesson of law and obedience, then, is one that needs to combine with love in the very first instruction given to the child. When a boy hears his father say, "My son do this," the impression made upon him needs to be like that made upon the old Hebrews by a "Thus saith the Lord." His father is the only almighty, practically, that the boy has during the first years of his life. Obedience is worth more than geography.—REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D. D., in *August Ladies' Home Journal*.

NOT since "The Anglomaniacs" has there been so clever a society satire as Henry Fuller's "Pilgrim Sons," which is published in the August *COSMOPOLITAN*. The problems involved in woman's use of the bicycle are so startling and so numerous, under the rapid evolution of this art, that one welcomes a careful discussion of the subject by so trained a mind and so clever a writer as Mrs. Reginald de Koven. THE *COSMOPOLITAN* illustrates Mrs. de Koven's article with a series of poses by professional models. A new sport, more thrilling than any known to Nimrod, more dangerous than was ever experienced by even a Buffalo Bill, is exploited in the same issue in an article on "Photographing Big Game in the Rocky Mountains," before shooting. The idea that ten cents for THE *COSMOPOLITAN* means inferiority from a literary point of view is dispelled by the appearance in this number of such writers as Sir Lewis Morris, Sir Edwin Arnold, Edgar Fawcett, Tabb, W. Clark Russell, Lang, Sarcey, Zangwill, Agnes Repplier, etc. Nor can we entertain the idea of inferiority in illustration with such names as Hamilton Gibson, Denman, Van Schaick, Lix, Sandham, etc., figuring as the chief artists of a single month's issue.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for September is out in a new dress of type, which, with the artistic cover and the broad, handsome pages, gives the finest possible setting to its numerous pictorial and literary features. These latter are always of a timely and seasonable nature, and in the current number include: a fascinating paper upon "Mishaps and Mysteries of the Sea," by Mary Titcomb, reviewing the world's great marine disasters, and superbly illustrated with drawings by Overend, Davidson, Schell, Burns and Montbard; the idyllic diary of "A Quiet Summer on Lake Maggiore," by Lena L. Pepper; "A Holiday Trip in Search of Old China," by Mrs. M. E. Leicester Addis; a charming sketch of outdoor festivity in the South, entitled "Al Fresco," by Martha McCulloch Williams; an intimate study of "The Factory Towns of England," by Edward Porritt; "A Chat from Havana," with some timely pictures, by Anna Cronhjelm Wallberg; The Romance of Early California," by J. M. Scanland; "The Story of the Somovar," by W. S. Harwood; and a sketch of the career of the late Professor Huxley, accompanied with an admirable portrait. The September number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY contains the opening installment of a new serial story, "The Magnet Stone," by Frances Swann Williams, which bids fair to prove the best work yet offered by this rising young Virginian novelist.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
New York.

WALTER DUNLOP, a well-known humorous clergyman of Scotland, was talking, to a brother of the cloth, who in a facetious manner said, "Well, Walter, I believe, after all has been said, that my head could hold two of yours." "Man," replied Walter, with a smile, "I never had thought before that your head was so empty."

Deaths.

Betsy Pack, at South Union, Ky., June 16, 1895. Age 61 years and 1 mo.

Sister Betsy spent eighteen years in the Community, and was a faithful Sister.

J. C.

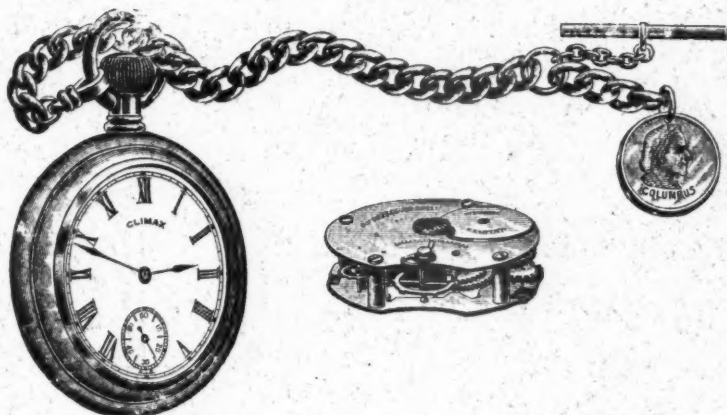
Angeline B. Clifford, at East Canterbury, N. H. July 24, 1895. Age 59 years, 7 mo. and 19 days!

Elvira Curtes Hulet, at West Pittsfield, Mass. Aug. 14, 1895. Age 90 years and 8 days. Came to this Society in 1812.

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